

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

VOLUME VIII.

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POSTOFFICE CLERKS.

PARIS' POSTAL SERVANTS BECOME SOMEWHAT UNRULY.

Exasperating Inevitability in the French Post-office—The Traditions Must Be Respected. A Pathway Not Strewn with Roses. Smallness of Remuneration.

The postoffice clerks in Paris have actually threatened to strike. Their agitation has subsided, but their threat remains on record, and it is one that contains much matter for reflection. The times must be rather queer when state servants freely talk of turning out as though they were masons or carpenters, the value of whose work rises and falls with the fluctuations of demand and supply. It would be an excellent thing for France if all or nearly all of her public servants were to turn out, for then there would be some chance of revolutionizing the system of bureaucracy, which is the curse of the country. But so long as those who hold places under government keep a firm grip of them, the French nation will have the blood sucked by a swarm of useless functionaries. The postoffice clerks are badly paid, but then there are a great many more than are needed, and the public is made to suffer in the transaction of its daily business by this superfluity.

RUINS THE TEMPER.

I know of no place so calculated to ruin a sweet temper as a French postoffice. If you have not to faire la queue in order to get a stamp you will have to wait before a hole like that of a fowl's house while the clerk on the other side is leisurely, and with an expression of indifference that is enough to exasperate a wandering angel, adding up a column of figures or making entries in a book. You may be in deadly fear of losing the post with some important letter, but this is of no consequence to him. Behind his wooden partition he feels as secure in his invincibility as any brigand noble of the Thirteenth century behind the ten foot wall of his dungeon tower. Knowing the futility of trying to hurry him, you at length rush off to the nearest tobacco shop and buy a stamp there. This is just what he wanted you to do. He would like you to buy all your stamps at the bureau de tabac, so that his work may be lessened. If you wish to send away a money order your temper is still more sorely tried, for when at length your turn comes to look through the fowl's hole you must watch the clerk filling up as many blank spaces as if he were drawing up a policy of insurance. This is not his fault. All the unnecessary scribbling is the result of the natural genius for organization, in respect of which every Frenchman is so justly proud.

Strangers to these ways often express in energetic language their surprise at the ingenuity thus shown in wasting time. If, however, the work of the postoffice were simplified, a reduction of the staff would be unavoidable. Now all such reductions are quite opposed to the traditions of French governments. The approved system is to cram as many persons as possible into the public offices and to pay very small salaries. But small as the salaries are, candidates for posts and friends of candidates are forever swarming like mosquitoes about deputies and ministers with the hope of securing the desired influence. When there are no vacancies, offices are not unfrequently made from purely political motives. Republican legislatures have promised again and again to reform and simplify the system of administration in the interest of the taxpayer; but the fact remains that the number of public functionaries is very much greater now than it was under the empire.

A THORNY PATHWAY.

To return to the postoffice clerk. Although his ungracious manners have placed him outside the pale of public sympathy, it must be admitted that his path in life is not strown with roses. After receiving his nomination he has often to wait three or four years before he obtains employment. He commences his career with a salary of 800 francs a year—about half as much as he could earn if he were willing to carry out meat for butcher. Then he has to deposit 800 francs as "caution money," for which, however, he is allowed 3 per cent. interest. Five per cent. of his salary is retained, and goes towards his retiring pension. He has little more than sixty francs a month clear, on which it is quite impossible to live in Paris, and to pay for clothes and lodging. As his salary is increased very slowly, he is a long time partly dependent upon parents or friends.

The smallness of his remuneration is not only grievance of the postoffice clerk; he has another, and this is certainly a just reason for agitating. His advancement depends much less upon his industry and ability than upon the influence which he is able to bring to bear upon deputies and senators. The word is given to move up a certain one, and he is moved up. Those who have no influential friends remain in the same place for years, while their juniors are being systematically set above them. The clerks have protested loudly against this injustice, but their chance of obtaining redress is very slender. Favoritism is so ingrained with the whole official system of France that the postoffice clerks must be sanguine indeed if they suppose that their outcry will produce any radical change. Even the revolutionists only touch the surface of things in France. When the country settles down after one of those periodical earthquakes official life goes on in much the same fashion as it did before.—Paris Cor. Boston Transcript.

AN 8,000 MILE FENCE.

The Only Method Left to Fight Rabbit Pest in Queensland.

James Watson, one of the largest land owners of Victoria, Australia, says jack rabbits are so formidable that the Australian government is building a fence of wire netting 8,000 miles long to divide New South Wales from Queensland and bar the pests out. They have not yet got into Queensland, and the government is moving heaven and earth to get this check on them. Prior to this hundreds of methods have been tried. Apples impregnated with arsenic have been cut and scattered over the country. In this way the increase in some portions has been stopped, but it is not radical enough. Besides, the cost is too great. It takes ten

bushels of apples for every 600 rabbits. There are millions and billions of the pests, and there are not apples enough to feed to them. Phosphate of oats succeeded for a while, but the phosphate soon lost its effect.

Australia is paying no less than \$125,000 per year to keep the rabbits down on what is known as crown lands. The government pays ten cents a pair for all that are killed, and expert men make from \$30 to \$40 per week at it. The government still keeps standing its offer of \$100,000 to any man who will hit on something to effectually eradicate the pests. Lands out in the rabbit district have greatly deteriorated in price. Many places where three or four years ago land was worth \$50 an acre won't bring \$5.

Watson says he started a cannery, killing and canning rabbits and sending them to England. The first rabbits were taken over from England only ten years ago and were introduced for sporting purposes, nobody having any idea they would spread so rapidly.

A man from South America a couple of months ago brought two dozen skins that he thought would settle the rabbits, but people are dubious about them, for skins increase very rapidly too, and if allowed to gain a foothold probably the last state will be worse than the first.

Mr. Watson says the Australians are anxiously looking for some invention or remedy that will put a quietus on rabbits. It must come soon or many of the great industries in the colony will be paralyzed.

The 8,000 mile fence which is being made to keep rabbits out of Queensland is the greatest enterprise of the kind ever begun in the world. Its construction is attended with great cost, but it is deemed wiser to undergo this expense than let the pests override the entire country.—San Francisco Cor. New York Herald.

Writers for the Daily Press.

The daily press of New York is uniquely situated at the present moment. Every position of any consequence on every paper in the city is filled to the complete satisfaction of the proprietors. These positions are filled, yet one who devotes his whole time to newspaper work is unable to find out who their occupants are. Occasionally the name of an editor, or of a dramatic critic, is accidentally learned. It is perfectly safe to say that every editor and every dramatic critic in town wants his name known by the people for whom he writes. The silent subjugation of these writers is the greatest affliction of their trade. It is what restrains them from attaining their honest, appropriate level. It is what may often keep mediocrity in the foreground and superiority in the shadow.

The custom is responsible for that writing in newspapers to which my self respecting man would be ashamed to put his name. It is responsible for that torrent of perpendicular twaddle against which all intelligent newspaper readers are constantly entering objections. It keeps men in position who do not deserve positions on any literary publication. A writer might be twenty years of bad work on a newspaper, and the readers would come to accept it as a necessary blemish on their journal, looking at it as a bit of machine made mediocrity. But no man could do twenty years of bad work over a signature. In a very short time the public would fix his status. Stupidity over a signature could never sell itself for two or three cents a day for any length of time.—C. M. S. McLellan in The Writer.

Woman's Work in Corsica.

She takes pretty nearly the heaviest share of the day's labor, and though sometimes allowed a voice in family matters, is never permitted to show an independent will or wish before strangers. Only too often however she is a mere cipher in family conclave, obeys her lord and master's behests, but does not originate a single idea. Out of doors the men go forth to work solemnly, gun in hand, while the women walk behind carrying the heavy tools or cumbersome wood fagots. If the happy couple have to climb a steep and stony path, and they happen to possess only one horse, it is the man who bestrides the wiry limbed beast, while the wife may consider herself lucky if she be permitted to catch hold of the stirrup leather or the horse's tail.

Much has been said and written about the stern and unreasoning jealousy of the Corsicans for their women. As a rule, they are not given to frivolity, but after careful observation we feel inclined to modify our opinions of the high lusts of the race in this connection. True, a woman is sacred; there is, however, very little sentiment in this feeling. She is sacred because she is man's chattel, and therefore an insult offered to her is an attack on man's honor. Here the "green eyed monster" is a slave and not a master. Still, life outside the larger coast towns may be considered pure enough.—G. C. R. in Home Journal.

Where Women Are Invisible.

One cannot live long in India, or at least in the Bengal presidency, without being struck by the fact that one never sees any native woman above the rank of the laboring class. It emphasizes in a curious way the difference between eastern and western customs. You see handsome carriages driving in the parks, and you instinctively expect to see ladies in them; but the occupants are invariably men—almost invariably fat men—steep rotundity being looked upon favorably as a visible sign of wealth and dignity. You are invited to a magnificent feté at the house of a native gentleman, where you are received by the host and his sons and uncles and his male kinsmen of all degrees; but there is absolutely no sign of the existence of any woman. Nor must you commit so grave a breach of decorum as to allude to a man's wife or daughters. He ignores them, and expects you to have the courtesy to do the same.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Convict's Proper Sentence.

A convict should be sent to prison and hard labor not for a definite arbitrary term, but until he is so changed in his habits that he is fit to take his place in the world again. If that were done, and society understood it, a released man would not find the door of employment and sympathy shut against him as he does now, for he would come out with certificate of integrity, industry and intelligence. If he is so debased as not to be able to change in his habits and practices by any discipline, however long continued, then the prison is the place for him for life. We shall do little to reduce the number of the criminal class till we come to this conclusion.

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

ELECTED WITH SOME TALK AND A GREAT DEAL OF CEREMONY.

Choosing the Future Lord Mayor at the Guildhall—A Great Amount of Bowing and Scraping—A Gaudy Procession—Taking the Oath.

The lord mayor is elected from the twenty-six aldermen or heads of the wards into which the city is divided by the votes of the livery; that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall, on the feast of St. Michael, the archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall, with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the liverymen of his company, and so to prevent unauthorized persons from entering. The floor of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the medieval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six aldermen come in, all in scarlet gowns. The recorder, or law officer of the city, rises, bows to the lord mayor and the assembled liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of election.

MAKING THE SELECTION.

The lord mayor and aldermen then go out; another law officer, the common sergeant, repeats what the recorder has already said, and tells the liverymen that they must name two for the office of lord mayor, of whom the lord mayor and aldermen will select one. Two names are then chosen, and are carried to the aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and thereupon the lord mayor and the aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down the chosen future lord mayor sitting on the left of the actual lord mayor. The recorder again rises and reads the two names and the one selected, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election, "Yes or No." They shout "Yes," and the sword bearer thereupon takes off the fur tipper of the lord mayor to be, and puts a chain around his neck.

On the 8th of November there is another meeting in the Guildhall. The old lord mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches with three solemn bows, and hands to the new lord mayor a jeweled scepter, the common seal of the city and an ancient purse. The sword bearer next advances, and, bowing three times, each time with increasing reverence, gives the lord mayor elect the great two handed sword of state, which signifies justice and legal supremacy. The erer, with bows equal in number and profundity to those of the sword bearer, next approaches and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs then congratulate their new chief, who proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and measures, deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old lord mayor goes back to the Mansion house, his official residence, for the last time.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The next day, the 9th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's day, because on that morning the new lord mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of which he is alderman, and proceeds in gaudy procession to the courts of law within the bounds of Westminster. Before his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the carriages of the alderman and of the heads of the several guilds, and of the main body of his own guild, all in their best official gown. The banners of the guilds, their beades and pageants, which vary according to each lord mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show, which, as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city, enlivens them with brilliant color. Though often decried because it obstructs business for one day, should the progress of modern times abolish the custom, it would be regretted by all who have witnessed it.

The lord mayor is presented to the lord chief justice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the high court of justice and invites them to dinner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will attend, and the lord mayor then returns to the city, to which for a year he is to be the greatest person, obliged to give place only when the queen herself comes.—Norman Moore in The Century.

The Cities Get the Best.

And yet it must be. The great city must continually absorb the very best blood, brain and brawn of the country; and as the woodsman selects from a thousand sticks the one which suits him to fashion into a thing of ornament or use, and puts the nine hundred and ninety-nine into the fire, so the great city will honor one in each regiment of these volunteer recruits and burn out all the rest in making money and glory for that one. There is not probably one great city in the world that could sustain its rich life and commercial energies on its native population. It is reasonably certain that a family permanently to catch on in a great city would in time "die out," or lose all its original traits, unless each generation was recruited anew by intermarriage with stocks more vigorous because more recently fresh from the soil. The city lures its rural volunteer recruits with the great prizes, like those won by the Goulds and Vanderbilts, and never hires in vain; the country lads are only too willing to accept the one chancery in a thousand.—New York Letter.

American Locomotives in Japan.

After close competition with English and French manufacturers, a Pittsburg firm has received an order from the Japanese government for two mogul 42-inch locomotives, to be used on the Paranai railroad in the island of Yesso. It is said that the American locomotives and cars now in use in Japan are in high favor with the government, because of their ability to climb steeper grades than the English engines.—New York Tribune.

JOHN AND HIS TEACHER.

Good Chinamen and Pretty Girls at Sunday School.

The Sunday school room of Dr. Deems' Church of the Strangers is on Mercer street, backing up against the church itself, which fronts on Whitetree place. It is a large, airy room on the second floor. The services are held in the morning. In the afternoon the room is given up to Chinamen and young ladies. The ladies teach the Chinamen to speak and read English, and as soon as they can understand enough they incite the principles of Christianity. It is a flourishing school. On pleasant afternoons it is filled to overflowing, and the mingling of the soft English accents of the teachers with the gruff but melodious jargon of the Celestials forms an unintelligible murmur as musical as it is odd.

The eye also has its curious treat. Each Chinaman has his own teacher. They sit in pairs all over the room, bending over the same book or slate. The unsightly and often coarse blue tunic of the Chinamen contrasts oddly with the trim figure and tailor made suit of the teacher. The gaudily embroidered Chinese shoe looks the more wooden and ungainly beside the neat, tiny foot that peeps from under the teacher's skirts. The Chinaman's pigtail, roundly wound about the back of his head, apparently distorts its shape, often brushing against the flowers and feathers of that dream which the teacher calls her best hat. The most curious of all contrast is when the pretty features of the American girl, her peachy skin, eager, winning smile, and laughing, bright eyes, approach close to the yellow, wrinkled face, impassive gaze, almond eyes, and distorted grin of the Chinaman. Long looked at, the effect is a little bewildering.

There is no missionary labor that requires so much tact and patience as managing a Chinese school. Chinamen won't be taught in classes. Each one wants his own teacher. In the second place, Chinamen don't like male teachers. Men overawe them, and, besides, they have an eye for beauty. They like pretty girls, and won't pay much attention to any others. Teaching Chinamen is not the field for a homely girl, no matter how great her missionary zeal may be. To see that each Chinaman has the teacher of his choice is the hard duty that Superintendent Krug tackled. He carried a book with all the Chinamen's names in it and the favorite teacher opposite. He approached the corner near the door. Every seat was filled with Chinamen.

It makes no difference how long a Chinaman has attended a Sunday school, how well he knows his brother scholars and his teachers, or how familiar he is with the place and its surroundings, he is at once overcome with modesty the moment he enters the door. There are no more self conscious creatures than Chinamen, and this it is that makes at once the charm and difficulty of teaching them. They are never eager, but always grateful. They never take offense, but are sensitive to the faintest appearance of a slight. They are like house dogs in their docility and affection, but like children in sensitiveness. The work of teaching them cannot be carried along successfully by the average man. Men, conscious of their kindness of intention, often offend unknowingly by brusqueness. Teaching Chinamen is woman's natural mission field. Her sensitive nature is quick to read the delicacies of the Chinaman's temperament, and her tact easily enables her to avoid the rocks and quicksands on the road to his confidence.—New York Sun.

A Most Amusing Experience.

A Chicago lady who recently went east with a little niece whom she was taking to school met with a most amusing experience on the train en route. Somewhere down in New York state a short, fat man, with a peculiar looking eye, entered the car and took a seat directly opposite the lady and her little charge. The little one surveyed him closely for a few moments, and then, turning to her aunt, she whispered: "Auntie, that's Ben Butler." The lady had not taken any particular notice of the new passenger, but at this she looked over at him, and in an instant recognized him, as the little girl had, from the familiar caricature of the illustrated papers. In a few moments he drew forth a crumpled bit of paper, and then began a search through all of his pockets for a pencil with which to jot down something that had just occurred to him.

Seeing that his search was fruitless, the lady leaned over and offered him her pencil. He took it with a polite acknowledgment, and made his little memoranda, after which he returned the pencil with a polite bow and smile. For a few moments his mind appeared to be occupied with something, and then he seemed to recover himself again. Fumbling in the pocket of his overcoat, he drew forth a small package and passed it over to the lady with a pleasant nod. She hesitated a moment, then accepted the offering and found, to her amused surprise, that it was a fresh package of Yucatan chewing gum. That Mr. Butler had a good supply of the article was evident to her from the vigorous working of his jaws, and she appreciated his effort to recognize her kindness in loaning him her pencil.—Chicago Herald.

Educational Matters in Japan.

As to Japanese education the missionaries largely teach through the aid of the government and English is taught in many of the schools. Education is now compulsory in Japan, but the statistics show that only about half of the children go to school. The school age is from 6 to 14 years, and the Japanese boys and girls go over their lessons in singing songs in bare feet and gowls. There are 8,000,000 of them in the regular schools and the technical schools have 8,800 pupils. Japan has 20,000 common schools, presided over by 92,000 men teachers and 4,610 women teachers. There are more than 1,000 high school teachers, and the professors in the Imperial university of Tokio number 194. This university is kept up by the government. It has 1,880 students, and is turning out scores of almond-eyed doctors, lawyers and government officials every year. It is better than the average American college. Its preparatory course includes English, mathematics, geography, physics, history, political economy, philosophy, and it covers three years. It takes five years to graduate, and the Japanese have here an opportunity to get a good education without going away from home.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

HOLIDAY GOODS

For the holiday season of 1888, I am offering for sale a large and carefully-selected stock of elegant Plush Dressing Cases, Plush Work Boxes, Plush Shaving Sets, Odor Baskets, Jewel Cases, Manicure Sets, Baby Sets, Pocket Books, Bronze Figures, Mirrors, Purses, Library Lamps, Fauna Bottles, and Toilet Articles.

and Brushes of every description, all of the latest style and design, and at prices most reasonable. Will be pleased to have you call.

J. JAMES WOOD,
DRUGGIST, MAYSVILLE.

WHITE, JUDD & CO.,

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.
ROSSER & McCARTHY,
Proprietors.

TUESDAY EVE., DEC. 18, 1888.

CAL BRICE may never run another National campaign for the Democrats but he will continue to cut a big figure in railway circles.

A new shoe factory was started at Portsmouth a few days ago. It employs forty hands who turn out an average a hundred pair a day. The Blade says the proprietors are finding a ready sale for all they manufacture, and will on the first of the year greatly increase their capacity. Already they can not fill their orders, so great is the demand for shoes. They now have six traveling salesmen on the road. A shoe factory ought to prove as profitable here as at Portsmouth. Why not try one?

Mr. M. E. INGALLS, President of the C. and O. and other railroads, says "the outlook for railroad business the coming year is better than for a long time past. Indeed, this country is growing more rapidly than its railroad systems, and the roads will soon have more business than it will be possible to handle. Only think of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the greatest lines in the world, having more freight now than it can move." This is encouraging, as the railway traffic is a pretty good index to the business of the country.

PEOPLE who get their information at long range are not always accurate in their statements. We doubt if the present editor of the BULLETIN was ever inside of the Maysville Cotton Mill. We doubt if he ever sought information as to the wages paid by that concern from the person who adjusts the amount, or from any one authorized to impart it. We are assured that the scale of prices printed by him some time ago was grossly inaccurate. His comparison of this mill with those of the East is worse than what he is pleased to call "senseless Jabber."—Maysville Republican.

It took the Republican a long time to muster up courage to deny the BULLETIN's statements in reference to the cotton mills. Our remarks on this question of wages were made in the early part of November.

We did not compare the mill here "with those in the East." The editor of the Republican knows this. But, we did compare the wages paid in the mill here with the wages paid in some English mills. We had an object in doing so. What was it? To show that the cotton mill hands in low-tariff England fared about as well as the cotton mill hands here in this high tariff land of ours, so far as their pay is concerned. The Republican didn't show the least inclination to discuss this question then when it was appropriate. At this late day he takes the matter up, and is "assured that the scale of prices printed by the BULLETIN some time ago was grossly inaccurate." We never claimed to give an accurate and complete scale. As to what we did publish, our information was obtained directly or indirectly from men who were in a position to know just what they were talking about. If there is any body who ought to know just what wages he is getting it is the one who receives the money.

But we do not care to enter upon a discussion of this question at this late day with one whose principal characteristics are his conceit and his faculty for misrepresenting other people.

Huntington in the Deal.

Mention was made a few days ago of the leasing of the Louisville Southern Railroad for thirty years by the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago. In a conversation with the Louisville Commercial, one of the best-posted railroad men in the West says: "Why, of course Huntington is in the deal, and the Chesapeake and Ohio has as much to do with the lease as has the Monon. It is as plain as the nose on a man's face. The C. & O. wants an outlet via Louisville west and north, and the Monon wants a way south. The Louisville Southern will be pushed to Lexington, and the C. & O. will enter Louisville on its own hook without entering to the wishes of the L. & N. as it now does. The Monon will run its business south through to the junction with the Cincinnati Southern, and the latter will be expected to give tit for tat and furnish the Monon with north-bound freight and passengers. I know this is all true, because Huntington was present at all the meetings held by Colonel Young and the other magnates in New York, where this deal was consummated last week. If Huntington should buy the Monon and its new lease the whole would make a big system and would certainly give certain other big systems much concern. Whether he does this or not, the combine is all the same and will operate just the same."

Though skies are scowling,
And winds are howling,
And days are dreary and nights are long,
To joy we're reason.
The Christmas season
Is drawing nigh with its mirth and song.

KENTUCKY MINERALS.**Product of the State During the Past Year.**

The annual report of the United States Geological Survey contains some interesting statistics about Kentucky.

During the year 1887 the iron and steel manufactures in Kentucky turned out the following quantities: Pig iron, 41,907 tons; rolled iron, including rails, 51,267 tons; iron and steel cut nails, 159,720 kegs; iron and steel rails, 100 tons. The decrease in Bessemer pig iron in the Northern and Western States was very great, while the Southern States, exclusive of Florida and South Carolina, show an increase of 1,642 tons in six months.

Some gold and silver has also been found in Kentucky, and during the year 1887 Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky and three other States yielded in gold \$22,000 worth, and in silver \$1,000 worth.

The production of coal, not including colliery consumption, during the year was 1,933,185 tons, which was worth, at the mines, \$22,233,163. Kentucky thus ranks ninth in the coal-producing States. The coke-burning industry in Kentucky is also larger, there being ninety-eight ovens, with a yearly production of 14,565 short tons, valued at \$31,750, 29,129 tons of coal being used annually.

The brick-making industry is fair in Kentucky, Covington turning out annually 1,877,000 bricks valued at \$90,000, and Lexington 8,000,000 at \$56,000.

Flour, Meal and Hominy.

We belong to no millers' association or trust. Therefore, we can make prices to suit the times. Our "Magnolia Patent," "Blue Grass Fancy," and "Kentucky Belle Family," brands of flour, full roller process, are guaranteed to be equal to any made in Maysville. Try a barrel and be convinced. Will sack flour in any size sack you wish. Highest market price paid for corn, meal and hominy ground or exchanged. Your patronage solicited.

Respectfully, CARR & TOLLE,
Proprietors Magnolia Mills, Fourth St.,
Maysville. d8d5w

OUR NEIGHBORS.**MT. GILEAD.**

George T. Beckett and Luther Markwell have returned from Cincinnati.

Miss Mattie Foxworthy, of Mt. Carmel, visited relatives in this vicinity the past week.

J. B. Farrow is having a corn crib built.

J. W. Seybold has returned home from Bourbon County.

School will commence at Turner's school house the first of January. Robert Robinson will be the teacher.

George Kelly, of Johnson Station, is bereft at the bedside of R. C. Turner, who is quite sick.

A valuable Christmas present to give your friends—the BULLETIN for one year.

ORANGEBURG.

Mrs. William Mayhugh was called by telegraph to Crittenden to see her sick grandchildren.

Madam Rumor says there is to be a wedding here next Thursday.

A good wagon-maker and a blacksmith are needed here very much.

We have three candidates for the office of Assessor in this precinct. Can any other precinct beat this?

Charles Calvert will move here this week.

SHANNON.

Mrs. T. B. Arthur has not been so well in the past week.

Newt Watson has been in Cincinnati buying X-mas goods.

The schools here will give but one holiday—Christmas day.

There will be a wedding at Shannon Church to-morrow evening.

Miss Hall, of Murphysville, is a guest of Mrs. Mary Browning.

Miss Emma Trigg has been visiting the family of H. D. Watson.

Miss Mary B. Caldwell entertained a party of friends one evening last week.

Shannon and Sardis Church will give a union Christmas tree on the eve of the 25th.

They are fast repairing the M. E. parsonage with the proceeds of the supper recently given.

On Friday evening there was an elegant supper tendered Mrs. Alice Dallas on her return to "Ashwood Home." Some twenty couples were invited to partake of the many delicacies. The evening was spent very pleasantly.

An Ordinance

Ordering an Election to be held on Monday January 7th, 1888.

Be it Ordained by the Board of Councilmen of the City of Maysville, That an election be held in said city on Monday, January 7th, 1888, for the election of a Mayor, City Clerk, Collector and Treasurer, Marshal, Assessor, Wood and Coal Inspector, Wharfmaster, and five Councilmen, one from each ward.

Be it further ordained, That polls be opened at 10 o'clock in the morning, the following places on said day, giving the Inspectors one hour for dinner; and the following persons are appointed Inspectors of said election:

FIRST WARD—(Polls at Jacob Denton's Shop) George Atkinson, Joseph Lowry and John W. Thompson, Inspectors.

SECOND WARD—(Polls at James Redmond's Cigar Store, Alined Worley, Louis B. Stock, and B. P. McDonald) Inspectors.

FIFTH WARD—(Polls at the Collins & Rudy Lumber Company's Office) William Haney, Astor Boyer and Simon Crowell, Inspectors.

Sixth Ward—(Polls at Cooper's Shop) Samuel Credgham, Thomas E. Coblentz and John Moore, Inspectors.

SEVENTH WARD—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

EIGHTH WARD—(Polls at Cooper's Shop) Samuel Credgham, Thomas E. Coblentz and John Moore, Inspectors.

FIFTH WARD—(Polls at the Collins & Rudy Lumber Company's Office) William Haney, Astor Boyer and Simon Crowell, Inspectors.

Sixth Ward—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

SEVENTH WARD—(Polls at Cooper's Shop) Samuel Credgham, Thomas E. Coblentz and John Moore, Inspectors.

EIGHTH WARD—(Polls at the Collins & Rudy Lumber Company's Office) William Haney, Astor Boyer and Simon Crowell, Inspectors.

NINTH WARD—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

TENTH WARD—(Polls at Cooper's Shop) Samuel Credgham, Thomas E. Coblentz and John Moore, Inspectors.

ELEVENTH WARD—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

TWELFTH WARD—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

THIRTEENTH WARD—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

FOURTEENTH WARD—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

FIFTEENTH WARD—(Polls at Attorney's Shop) Philip Yager, Andrew Miller and Thomas Cummins, Inspectors.

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A WORD TO THOSE THAT SEEK BARGAINS:

As Administrator of F. HECHINGER, deceased, better known as HECHINGER & CO., Oddfellows' Hall Clothing House, I desire to make as speedy a settlement of the estate as possible. I have limited the sale to the 15th of January, 1889. The entire stock of Clothing, Gent's Furnishings and Tailoring Goods, Fixtures, Safe, etc., MUST be sold by the time above specified.

The stock is so large that EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS in prices will be held out to sell the goods. Up to the present they have been sold at the price they were appraised, but I find that a further reduction is necessary to dispose of this immense stock. **VALUES WILL NO LONGER BE TAKEN IN CONSIDERATION** in disposing of goods on hand. Special inducements held out to Merchants. Terms strictly CASH.

A. M. J. COCHRAN, Adm'r F. Hechinger, dec'd.

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.
ROSSER & McCARTHY.
Proprietors.

TUESDAY EVE., DEC. 18, 1888.

INDICATIONS—"Fair, preceded by light rains; slightly colder."

PURE home-made candy, at Mrs. C. W. Bierley's. 17d6t

JUVENILE and picture books at cost and less, at McDougle's. 17d6t

ENGLISH plum pudding, home-made mince meat—Calhoun's.

HENRY LANGE and Hattie Payne, colored, have been licensed to wed.

SWEET cider, new raisins, currants and citron, cheap, at G. W. Geisel's.

The next term of the Mason Circuit Court will convene January 15th.

The Lewis Circuit Court is still in session. The civil docket is a large one.

FRUITS, bananas, oranges and nuts of all kinds, at Mrs. C. W. Bierley's. 17d6t

OYSTERS served in all styles, also for sale by the can, at Mrs. C. W. Bierley's. 17d6t

BASKETS of fruits and candies beautifully arranged for holiday presents at A. Bona's. d8t&w1t

SEE the 75-cent illustrated books at McDougle's. Previous price \$1.25 and \$1.50. 17d6t

A choice line of Children's Kid Gloves for Christmas presents, at Mrs. L. V. Davis'. 15d7t

Go to Traxel's for fresh nuts, oranges and fruits of all kinds. He keeps the best in stock. 15d6t

NICE new figs 3 lbs. for 25 cents, and 2 lbs. of the best new Sultana raisins for 25 cents at A. Bona's. d8t&w1t

JNO. DULEY, agent, invites you to call and insure your property. He represents six old, reliable companies. dtf.

G. W. BLATTERMAN & Co. offer their entire stock of plush goods at cost. No "cut" prices, but a clearance. It

Our house is crowded and goods are fast closing out. Come while you can get a good selection. Gt A. J. McDougle.

THE young men of Flemingsburg and vicinity will entertain in the Atkinson Building Wednesday evening, December 26.

MR. DAVID E. BULLOCK and Miss Sallie B. True, both of this county, will be married next Thursday at the home of Miss True's parents.

CALL and see the fine line of holiday goods—dolls, teases, knives and forks, clocks, &c.—all very cheap at Schatzmann's Gem China Store. dtf

ATTORNEY HARRY TURNER, of Rich mond, recently here on a visit to friends, fell at Lexington the other evening and badly sprained his right ankle.

WE are showing a handsome line of holiday presents which are at prices that are considered by our customers very low. dtf HOPPER & MURPHY.

THE tobacco manufactured by J. H. Rains & Sons is made from the best Mason County Burley. "Cyclone" and "Rainbow" for chewing and "Buckshot" for smoking. Try them. dtf

THE "Bee Hive" presents an attractive stock of elegant holiday goods. The proprietors Rosenau Bros. invite the little girls to call and look at the doll-family. See "ad" in another column.

GEORGE B. MCKEE, of Ripley, has about recovered from the injuries inflicted by W. E. Bennington some days ago. Bennington is under \$1,000 bond to answer at next term of court.

GEORGE WILSON, whose minstrels will be here Thursday night, is said to own a third interest in the largest cigar factory in Binghamton, N. Y., employing over three hundred girls as cigar-makers.

HUSBANDS, we have a beautiful line of bronze, marble and plush clocks and figures if you are looking for a present for your wife; also silverware in endless variety. It HOPPER & MURPHY.

YOUTHFUL BRIDES.

Romantic Eloement of Bath County Lovers Followed by a Triple Wedding at Aberdeen.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Lass Wedded to a Man Twenty-Nine Years of Age.

A triple wedding, under rather romantic circumstances.

A lass of thirteen summers united in marriage to a man of twenty-nine.

Another miss aged but fifteen joined in holy wedlock to a man thirty years of age.

And a youth of seventeen "linked for life" to a maiden of twenty two.

Mismated all around it would seem so far as ages are concerned.

The parties to this romantic triple wedding are Mr. James W. Crain and Miss Adda Collier, Mr. W. T. Atchison and Miss Ollie Hendricks, and Mr. J. S. Vice and Miss Nannie Stewart. They all reside in the vicinity of Wyoming, Bath County.

They eloped Sunday morning about 11 o'clock and arrived at the St. Charles Hotel, this city, at dusk that evening. Mr. Vice and Miss Stewart were the only ones of the party who intended getting married when they left home. It was different with the crowd, however, when they reached this city. A change had come over the dreams of the other couples and they too had decided to have the nuptial knot tied. Another such opportunity might not soon present itself.

This was no doubt the argument Mr. Crain and Mr. Atchison used as they whispered words of love into willing ears during the long trip on the gloomy, rainy day. It was settled at last, and a triple wedding was decided on.

Their arrival at the hotel created a stir, of course, among the guests who were lounging about the office. It was not necessary to ask any questions, the guests had seen too many run-away couples.

Messrs. Will Power, Chris. Russell and Oscar McDougle, of this city, A. B. Myers, of the M. & B. S. R. R. and Charles Rabenstein, a drummer, volunteered their services as escorts, skiffs were procured and the entire party were soon ferried to the Aberdeen shore.

At the office of 'Squire Beasley there was a hitch in the proceedings. The 'Squire wanted \$5 a couple for tying the nuptial knot. The prospective grooms thought \$2 was enough. The 'Squire wouldn't yield. Atchison and Crain told Vice to go ahead and they would return as they came; they weren't "so particular about getting married any how." Finally Mr. Will Power, who was acting as master of ceremonies, brought the parties to an understanding, and \$4 a couple was agreed on. The ceremony followed and the 'Squire's marriage record for that day now shows the following:

W. T. Atchison, age 30, and Ollie Hendricks, aged 15, of Bath County.

J. S. Vice, 17, and Nannie Stewart, 22, of Bath County.

James W. Crain, 20, and Adda Collier, 18, of Bath County.

ELDER J. S. SWEENEY will enter upon his twentieth year as pastor of the Christian Church at Paris the first of January.

At the election in October, which was by ballot, he received every vote cast by his large congregation, with the exception of one, and that was for his brother Zach.

THOMAS B. ROBINSON, son of Collector Robinson of Lexington, has not recovered from the injuries he accidentally received Thanksgiving Day. He has been in an unconscious state ever since the accident, with the exception of short intervals when he seems to rouse up out of his comatose condition and recognize his relatives and friends. These periods are very short, however, and he soon relapses into the unconscious state.

The construction crews are busy this week completing the work of ballasting on the lower end of the road, and placing the track in good order.

The venerable John Ryder is ill at the home of his son-in-law William Wood in the Fifth ward. His sons George Ryder, of Versailles, and Marion Ryder, of Butler, were called here a few days ago on account of his sickness.

HUSBANDS, we have a beautiful line of bronze, marble and plush clocks and figures if you are looking for a present for your wife; also silverware in endless variety. It HOPPER & MURPHY.

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THE Governor has been asked to offer a reward for the escaped diamond robber.

TRAXEL's stick candy is of his own make and he guarantees it to be strictly pure. 15d6t

CLEARANCE sale of cloaks at greater bargains than ever offered, at Mrs. L. V. Davis'. wd6t

ELDER STAFFORD's term as pastor of the Augusta Christian Church expired Sunday.

PURE fresh candies, plain and fancy, at F. H. Traxel's. An immense stock on hand for the holiday trade. 15d6t

Toys of all kinds, from one cent to \$1.25. ELLA RUST, tdec26 Next door to Chenoweth's.

LADIES, try a sack of "Magnolia Patent" flour in making Christmas cakes. 18d6t CARR & TOLLE, Magnolia Mills.

DIAMONDS in eardrops, lace-pins and finger rings; ladies' gold watches and chains at Hopper & Murphrey's, the jewelers. 1t

A buzzard was captured in Bourbon County Saturday with a small brass bell strapped around its neck. "Atlanta, Ga., April 21, 1863," was engraved on the bell.

THE prisoners who recently escaped from jail seem to be very slyes full at keeping out of the clutches of the officers. But, wait. We are banking on Detective Heflin.

THERE are 530,000 Oddfellows in the United States and 600,000 Masons. The Knights of Pythias have 210,000 members, the G. A. R. 380,000, and Knights of Honor 124,000.

A FINE line of gold-headed canes and umbrellas, gold enameled buttons, scarf-pins and smoking sets, suitable for gentlemen's Christmas presents, at Hopper & Murphrey's, the jewelers. 1t

THE pension list continues to grow. The names of Thomas H. Bell, of Manchester, Geo. D. Jones, of Ripley, and James A. Payne, of Ellsberry, near Aberden, have lately been added.

FOUR Cincinnati sportsmen are reported to have killed 222 rabbits, 67 quail, 15 ducks and 13 pheasants in one day recently in Fleming County. It must have been an extra good day for hunting.

THE remains of Captain Elijah Hicks, whose death at the Athens, O., asylum was noticed in Saturday's issue were, brought here yesterday on the St. Lawrence. The burial took place this morning at 10 o'clock.

LOOK all over town and then go to Ballenger's to buy your solid silverware. Butter knives, knives and forks, spoons, ladles, &c., &c. A splendid stock of sterling goods always on hand, at prices as low as the lowest.

REV. J. H. YOUNG, D. D., well known here, took pastoral charge of a new M. E. Church, South, at Louisville Sunday. At the conclusion of the morning sermon, the sum of \$10,000 was raised to finish paying for the edifice.

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The construction crews are busy this week completing the work of ballasting on the lower end of the road, and placing the track in good order.

THE Babes Cry For It,

And the old folks laugh when they find that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the stomach and bowels. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles.

ELEGANT HOLIDAY SLIPPERS

AT MINER'S SHOE STORE!

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

Just received. Persons desiring Groceries, Canned Goods, Confectioneries or anything usually kept in a first-class establishment can be accommodated.

Fresh BUTTER and EGGS a specialty. Best brands of CIGARS and TOBACCO always on hand. Goods delivered free to any part of the city.

HUGH F. SHANNON,

Third Street, East of Limestone, Maysville, Ky.

M'CLANAHAN & SHEA,

CHEAPEST AND BEST

Stove Store

In the city. It will pay you to learn our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

McCLANAHAN & SHEA,

COOPER'S OLD STAND,

Second Street, Maysville, Ky.

CHRISTMAS

In our stock will be found many useful, appropriate and beautiful Presents, suitable for the holiday trade.

Plush Sacques, Jackets and Modjeskas; Cloth Raglans, Jackets and Children's Cloaks; Kid Gloves, Muffs and Boas; Umbrellas, with gold and oxidized handles, new and pretty designs; Hosiery in new and fancy styles. Also a line of our celebrated Ethiopian Black Hose in all grades; Silk Dress Patterns, Broadcloth and Henrietta; a complete line of Dress Goods from 10 cents per yard up; an attractive line of Gent's, ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs from 2½ cents to the finest quality; some entirely new things in Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. We have numerous articles which space will not allow us to mention. Do not fail to look through the stock of

BROWNING & CO.,

3 EAST SECOND STREET.

Personal.

Colonel Richard Dawson left last evening for Carrollton, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Porter returned Saturday from their bridal trip to the Queen City.

Stock, Field and Farm.

Macey Bros., of Versailles, sold to C. C. Bragg, of Cincinnati, a five-year-old black gelding, by Macey's Hambletonian, for \$1,000.

B. H. Watts, of Clarksville, Mo., has a three-year-old calf that is eighteen hands high, and weighs 2,650 pounds, and is rapidly growing.

In managing land by the direct agency of stock, i. e., without the interference of those in charge, sheep are the best fertilizers we have.

In the large cities the custom is growing of selling fruit by auction. Tons of oranges, lemons and grapes are sold daily in New York city to the highest bidder, and in a limited way the custom prevails in Boston. The Florida orange shippers are the latest converts to the auction idea.

During the thoroughbred sales at Lexington last week 292 horses passed under the hammer for \$162,000, an average of \$556.80. In the last two years the 1,505 thoroughbreds sold at auction in Kentucky have brought the enormous figure of \$891,885. In 1887 these sales footed up \$468,770 for 773 horses thus

AN ENGLISH STABLE.

VARIOUS TYPES OF HORSES DESCRIBED BY AN OWNER.

The Groom's Favorite—The Shadling, Well Bred but Unsafe Horse—Handsome but Hardly Sound—Seventeen Years Old. The Wife's Steed—The Hack.

Well, here is a horse with a plain head, rather a short neck, moderate shoulders, a good barrel, fair quarters and most excellent feet and legs. Feel them and you will find them cool and even in temperature and the sinews hard and fine. He is a little wanting in quality, he is not fast—in fact, in quick run, it is all you can do to keep in the immediate rear of the first flight with him. He is not exactly a bad hunter, but he gives his rider the impression that he dislikes jumping, and he is a little slovenly at his fences. What, then, are his virtues? He is the groom's favorite! He is never off his feed, and he thoroughly mastenches his corn. He is a remarkably sound horse. He never throws a shoe. He always comes out in his turn. Never has he been known to tear his clothing, to kick when being dressed, to eat his straw, or to commit any other stable offense. He is easy to box at a railway station; a child might ride him without a saddle at exercise; when being clipped or singed you might take him for a statue, so still does he stand; and he seems positively to enjoy physic. Accordingly, whenever his master talks of selling him, the stud groom protests that it "would be a thousand pities," that "take 'im all and all, he's the best 'oss' we've got."

We next come to a great, slashing well bred horse, with plenty of power. Take care! Don't go up to him. He sometimes "lets out." This is the best hunter in the stable, and he is as sound as a bell. He is very fast, and a grand fencer; ditches on the near side, ditches on the far side, banks, timber, water, all are the same to him. He will fight for his head a good deal when hounds first go away; he pulls, and he does not like to be balked at his fences. He does not exactly rush at them, but he is very hot and impetuous. This being the case, he is far from a pleasant horse in a cramped country or a bad scenting day. About twice or thrice in a season he strikes out at other horses (and "when he do kick, he do kick like blazes," as the cabman says in Leech's caricature), so it is not safe to take him into a crowd. He is a difficult horse to box, too; so it is inconvenient to take him by train. Between one thing and another, there is only about one meet in ten days at which his present master can ride him with comfort.

NOT A SOUND ANIMAL.

"Strip that 'oss," says that official to a helper, as we move on to the next box. This is the best looking horse in the stable. In fact, he is a remarkably handsome specimen of a hunter; hence the groom's anxiety to show him off. It would be hard to find a fault with him. He cost something fabulous. Indeed, he is so valuable that his master is afraid of riding him. This fear is increased by sundry alarming symptoms that have manifested themselves from time to time. After one day's hunting his near fore leg filled in a suspicious manner; after another he was lame without any apparent cause; and in a certain run his owner half suspected that his wind was not so good as it might be. He has had several bad colds, and occasionally he has corns. He comes out pretty often, at near meets; but his master never seems to ride hard on him, and he is always sent home early.

In the next box is a confidential looking quadruped. The holes above his eyes, his long teeth, his sunken back and the manner in which he stands over betoken age. He is 17 years old; nevertheless, he goes on, sometimes lame, sometimes sound. He is so clever and such an old favorite that his master cannot make up his mind to supplant him with a younger and more serviceable horse. Excellent fencer as he is, he will not, and never would, face water. His master has to be careful, too, neither to let him jump down a drop into a hard road nor to send him to a distant meet, nor to make a long day with him. Like most very old horses, he has lost his speed; and he has become dangerously clever at his fences, saving himself by creeping, jumping on and off, or scambling in and out, where one would expect him to fly. He will probably end his career by giving his devoted owner a very bad fall.

"MY WIFE'S HORSE."

This our friend shows to us as "my wife's horse." He is a model of what a lady's horse ought to be in mien and shape, breeding, temper and manners. Lucky the woman who possesses such a hunter! Between entertaining guests, visits, colds and additions to the family, my lady gives her horse a rather easy time of it. Moreover, on the strength of her husband's having got on her favorite for an hour on two occasions, the wife has been heard coolly to assert that she had not been hunting at all that season, because she gave up her horse to her husband, whereas she had in reality been prevented from hunting by very different reasons. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the husband refrained from riding the cherished quadruped for the future, and when his wife suddenly took it into her head to go out hunting at short notice, the creature was so playful that madame was almost, if not quite, unseated. Confidential friends then extrapolated with her husband for "putting a lady on a brute like that," affirming that "he was not at all the sort of horse for a woman to ride," etc., etc.

Last of all we come to the hack, and a very nice little horse he is. Although only about fifteen hands and one inch in height, he has great strength, bone enough to carry a man heavier than his master, fine-sloping shoulders and very muscular loins, quarters and thighs. He is as clever as cat, and, if the fences look very big from his back, he gets over them better than do many horses a hand higher. His master is seldom in a hurry to exchange him for his hunter; he often hunts him on a by-day, and in the course of the season he sees a good many runs on him. This little horse is expected to give a day's hunting to a friend of his master's, whether male or female, whenever required, in addition to his hacking work; and, because he is only a hack and not a hunter, nothing is thought of hunting him two or three times a week. He does far more work than any other horse in the stable; he is never sick, sorry or lame; he is quite fit and out cub hunting when the rest of the stud are only doing walking exercise, and he carries his master in Rotter Row when they are being summered.—Saturday Review.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 15.—Deputy United States Marshal Bavrin has arrested three Italian counterfeiters at Pittston, who have been doing a big business in spurious coin for some months past.

SCENES IN GRANTSTOWN.

LAZY AND CONTENTED BLACKS OF THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

Market Day, Saturday Evening in a Suburb of Nassau—Men, Women and Children Gossiping with Gusto—Visit to a Threepenny Bill.

Market day at Grantstown is in the evening, and on a Saturday at that.

Over the hill on a starlit night—they shine so low you may almost reach them with your cane—a white, smooth road leads to Grantstown. As you go down the stony little dots of flame appear beyond and the hum of pleasant voices, till in a short time you reach an almost continuous row of cabins on either side, and thus is Grantstown—not our Gen. Grant's but another Grant's a Sir Somebody, at one time governor of all the Bahamians—under water and just above it, for Grantstown is a colored suburb of Nassau and lies in a hollow behind it. The little flames broaden as you approach, and you find on a flat stone for a hearth, a litter of ashes and little pitch pine sticks, kept lighted torch-like, and squatting on the ground beside each old wenches, toothless and sere, a child or so, and the market stuff spread in little heaps.

Five sweet potatoes sell for a copper, four gumbo pods for a farthing, four little red tomatoes and a pepper for a check (a check is one and one-half penny); there are also tins of Guinean corn (a sort of broom corn seed), white maize from the out islands, cow peas, little cups of ground nuts, peanut candy, enkes, dark molasses bread, oranges, sapodilla in its russet coat, rarely a banana, often a yam like a log of wood, little tied up bundles of black mangrove roots for fuel, and no investment need be over a check. All this hardly seems to be food, but only relish.

Accordingly, whenever his master talks of selling him, the stud groom protests that it "would be a thousand pities," that "take 'im all and all, he's the best 'oss' we've got."

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This is the best hunter in the stable, and he is as sound as a bell. He is very fast, and a grand fencer; ditches on the near side, ditches on the far side, banks, timber, water, all are the same to him. He will fight for his head a good deal when hounds first go away; he pulls, and he does not like to be balked at his fences.

He does not exactly rush at them, but he is very hot and impetuous. This being the case, he is far from a pleasant horse in a cramped country or a bad scenting day.

About twice or thrice in a season he strikes out at other horses (and "when he do kick, he do kick like blazes," as the cabman says in Leech's caricature), so it is not safe to take him into a crowd.

He is a difficult horse to box, too; so it is inconvenient to take him by train.

Between one thing and another, there is only about one meet in ten days at which his present master can ride him with comfort.

NOT A SOUND ANIMAL.

"Strip that 'oss," says that official to a helper, as we move on to the next box. This is the best looking horse in the stable. In fact, he is a remarkably handsome specimen of a hunter; hence the groom's anxiety to show him off. It would be hard to find a fault with him. He cost something fabulous. Indeed, he is so valuable that his master is afraid of riding him. This fear is increased by sundry alarming symptoms that have manifested themselves from time to time.

After one day's hunting his near fore leg filled in a suspicious manner; after another he was lame without any apparent cause; and in a certain run his owner half suspected that his wind was not so good as it might be.

He has had several bad colds, and occasionally he has corns. He comes out pretty often, at near meets; but his master never seems to ride hard on him, and he is always sent home early.

In the next box is a confidential looking quadruped. The holes above his eyes, his long teeth, his sunken back and the manner in which he stands over betoken age. He is 17 years old; nevertheless, he goes on, sometimes lame, sometimes sound. He is so clever and such an old favorite that his master cannot make up his mind to supplant him with a younger and more serviceable horse.

Excellent fencer as he is, he will not, and never would, face water. His master has to be careful, too, neither to let him jump down a drop into a hard road nor to send him to a distant meet, nor to make a long day with him.

Like most very old horses, he has lost his speed; and he has become dangerously clever at his fences, saving himself by creeping, jumping on and off, or scambling in and out, where one would expect him to fly.

He will probably end his career by giving his devoted owner a very bad fall.

"MY WIFE'S HORSE."

This our friend shows to us as "my wife's horse." He is a model of what a lady's horse ought to be in mien and shape, breeding, temper and manners. Lucky the woman who possesses such a hunter!

Between entertaining guests, visits, colds and additions to the family, my lady gives her horse a rather easy time of it.

Moreover, on the strength of her husband's having got on her favorite for an hour on two occasions, the wife has been heard coolly to assert that she had not been hunting at all that season, because she gave up her horse to her husband,

whereas she had in reality been prevented from hunting by very different reasons.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the husband refrained from riding the cherished quadruped for the future, and when his wife suddenly took it into her head to go out hunting at short notice, the creature was so playful that madame was almost, if not quite, unseated.

Confidential friends then extrapolated with her husband for "putting a lady on a brute like that," affirming that "he was not at all the sort of horse for a woman to ride," etc., etc.

LAST OF ALL WE COME TO THE HACK,

AND THE HUNTER.

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SUMMER IS GONE, BUT

HENRY ORT

Is still here, offering the largest and best stock of HOLIDAY GOODS at such Low CASH prices that will defy all opposition. Let the bargain-hunters bear in mind that we give place to none in our line when it comes to the size of a dollar's worth or the quantity and quality of the goods.

We are doing business on the old principles which have stood the test of time and opposition: The Latest Styles, the Largest Stock, the Most Liberal Bargains, THE LOWEST CASH PRICES. Fall into line and come and see our bargains.

PARLOR SUITS,

BEDROOM SUITS,
SIDEBOARDS,

Folding Lounges and Wardrobes at prices sure to interest

you. We have a large assortment of nice CHAIRS of the newest and latest styles which we are offering at prices that will induce you to buy. Let everybody that wants to buy great bargains in Furniture during the Holidays come to

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East Second street, Maysville.

OUR

HOLIDAY STOCK

is the sensation of the season—so original, so novel, so new, so complete, so cheap and so gay. Be sure and see it. Appropriate gifts for all kinds of folks, little or big, at all kinds of prices, great or small. We are pleased to offer them all. A large and varied assortment of

TOYS and

BOOKS,

Novelties, Fancy Goods, Notions, Etc. The newest designs and the finest goods of the season. Our low prices make these beautiful goods all bargains. Come to headquarters, where your money will go the farthest, and where you are sure to find just what you want.

MISS ANNA FRAZAR.

ROBERT BISSET,

—PRACTICAL—

PLUMBER

Gas and Steam Fitter.

Orders promptly attended to. No. 21

Second street.

—Broke the Town.

George Wilson's minstrels recently gave a performance at Nashville, Tenn., and judging by the following extract from the American, of that city, he evidently carried away plenty of good Nashville gold:

George Wilson not only broke the record last night for all minstrel shows that have ever performed in Nashville, but saw the greatest audience ever assembled in the Vendome for any kind of performance. Three tremendous audiences gathered in the Vendome last year—the opening of the house by Emma Abbott, the performance of "Hambo" by Booth and Baker, and the recent meeting at the grand minstrel exercises of the public schools. It was thought on these three occasions that the limit of the house had been reached, but the crowd that found access last night visibly surpassed these. At ten minutes to 8 o'clock Will Sheets stopped selling seats and announced standing room only in part of the house. But for half an hour still the people crowded into the box and gallery, and entrance tickets until nearly 500 had bought admission who had no hope of sitting down during the performance. Every seat in the house was occupied, and people were standing packed closely on the three floors backed to the wall. By account count 2,310 tickets had been sold.

This funny fellow and his company will appear at the opera house this city next Thursday night.

THE "BEE HIVE."

—USEFUL AND ELEGANT—

XMAS PRESENTS!

Handkerchiefs for 1 cent each; elegant Hemstitched Colored Border at 5 cents, worth 10 cents; All Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 12½ cents, surely worth 25 cents; Silk Handkerchiefs from 20 cents up; elegant Cashmere Mufflers at 18 cents, worth 50 cents; better grades as high as \$4 and \$5; Gent's Linen Cambic Hemstitched Handkerchiefs at 8 cents, worth 25 cents; an immense line of Fancy Dressing Cases, Brush and Comb Sets, Smokers' Sets, Manicure Cases, Hand and Stand Mirrors, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, &c., &c., at prices truly astonishing. Plush Photograph Albums as low as 25 cents; large Scrap Books from 5 cents up; Handsome Boxes of Stationery containing twenty-five Envelopes and twenty-five Sheets of Paper for 10 cents; handsome boxes of Stationery with gilt and ragged edges for 25 cents, worth 50 cents; big line of Stamped Linen Splashes and Tides from 12 cents up; Handsome Crystal Slipper with large bottle of Cologne only 10¢.

Dolls! Dolls! Dolls!

Everyone invited to inspect our large and varied family of Doll-Babies. We have Singing Dolls and Crying Dolls; Boy Babies and Girl Babies; Black Dolls and White Dolls, in fact everything the child's heart could long for in the Doll line. We have something special in a large size, real Bisque head and jointed Kid Body Doll at 25 cents, really worth 75 cents; Dolls with hair on as low as 1 cent each. We have an unbreakable Doll ten inches long for 5 cents, worth 15 cents; elegant Dressed Dolls for 25 and 50 cents. Now for our Grand Queen Doll, thirty-six inches tall, with human hair, only \$1, worth \$3. Bring the little ones down to look at the immense Doll Family at **THE BEE HIVE**,

ROSENTHAL BROS., Props.

NEW FALL GOODS

JUST OPENED.

Big bargains will be offered in Dress Goods, Cloaks, Jackets, Shawls, Hosiery Gloves, Underwear, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Blankets, Comforts, Jeans, Flannels, &c.

Look at our prices on CARPETS before you buy.

J. W. SPARKS & BRO.,

24 MARKET STREET.

HERMANN LANGE, The Jeweler,

has an elegant stock of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Spectacles, Gold Pens, Opera Glasses, etc.

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